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Salt Lake Temple

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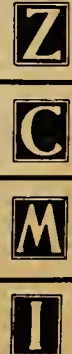
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VOL. XXXVIII.

SALT LAKE CITY, JANUARY 15, 1903.

No. 2.

WITH THE ELDERS.

PART VI.—AT "42."

GOING from the steamship up to No. 42 Islington, Liverpool, we cover the same ground that missionaries bound for Great Britain and Europe have covered for upwards of forty-five years. Some distance from "42" we recognize the place by a sign bearing the words "Latter-day Saints," etc., projecting over the sidewalk. It is a three-story building with a basement, and is located in one of the busiest parts of the city. We are informed that in 1855, when the house was first secured by Elder Franklin D. Richards for missionary purposes, it was considered to be in one of the better parts of town, but since then, however, the slums have encroached over this section, until at present one might almost wish our European Mission headquarters could be moved to a more desirable locality. The external as well as the internal appearance of the house shows plainly the perpetual use to which it has been subjected during almost half a century.

We mount the well worn stone steps and give a rap with a little iron device called a knocker, fastened to the door

for that purpose. A warm welcome greets us, and with pleasure we make the acquaintance of the brethren presiding over the mission, as well as those laboring in "the office."

To the left we enter a room in which orders for books, tracts, etc., are being filled, and in which we find an Elder, the book-keeper, busily engaged with his ledger. Upon inquiry we learn that in the past year this office sent out something over 1,276,000 tracts and about 122,000 books and booklets to Elders laboring in the British Mission, for distribution among the people. If all these tracts were fastened end to end, they would make a sheet of paper longer than one hundred and seventy miles, or more than the distance from Logan to Manti. They would furnish paper enough to make over 79,750 ordinary eight-page newspapers.

While here we exchange our American money for English coins, and for the first time experience the peculiarities of computing with a strange money; but it is not long before we become quite familiar with our new collection of pennies, shillings, etc.

Across the hall to the right we come

to the type-setting room of the *Millennial Star*, while in the back yard is a little building containing the press on which the *Stars*, tracts, etc., are printed.

At the top of the first flight of stairs and to the right is the office used by the mission presidency, it also serves as a sort of general reception room. Here devotional exercises, similar to those we witnessed in Brooklyn, are held each morning and evening.

able management. Although so busy, he gladly answers our questions and readily gives whatever encouragement he can to the newly arrived Elders. Besides the British Islands, his presidency extends over all Europe and also the extreme western part of Asia, where missionaries are now engaged in and near the Holy Land.

Europe is divided into a number of missions, such as the German, Nether-



"42 ISLINGTON."

Returning to the door and crossing the hallway we are face to face with the door leading into the president's private office and bedroom. While here, it is our pleasure to take the accompanying snap shot of President Platte D. Lyman studiously engaged in matters pertaining to the great mission placed under his

lands, Scandinavian, etc., each in turn being presided over by a separate president. The British Mission, comprising England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, is the only one presided over directly by the presidency of the whole European Mission. The separate missions are again divided into conferences, and

in turn each conference is subdivided into smaller areas called branches or districts. In the British Mission, we learn, there are fourteen conferences and seventy-three branches. The presidents of conferences are chosen from the Elders from Zion, while those of the branches are usually selected from the local Elders or Elders residing in the branches over which they are called to preside. Thus we see the beautiful harmony of organization in mission



PRESIDENT PLATTE D. LYMAN.

fields, though thousands of miles from the "bosom of the Church."

In the British Mission alone there are, at the time of our arrival, some 4,940 Saints, nearly all of whom are living in hopes of some day going to Utah to make their future homes with the thousands already emigrated. There are also 275 missionaries busily engaged in putting the Gospel before the great masses of the people and in assisting those who have already cast their lots with the Saints.

We enjoy the conversation with

President Lyman, but must proceed lest we take too much of his valuable time. At the top of the next flight of stairs we come to "nigger heaven," as one of the Elders calls it, where we find the beds of those laboring at "42."

Retracing our steps, we continue on down into the basement, where is found the combined kitchen-dining room, presided over usually by some faithful English sister, well qualified in preparing good English teas and dinners.

Thus hurriedly we have glanced at the leading and most renowned of all the Mormon mission houses—renowned for its great age and early associations, for its being so long the home of the *Star*, and for its being the place which so many thousands of Elders and Saints have visited in passing though Liverpool. Almost any cabman or policeman in the city can direct you, with but little hesitation, to the long occupied Mormon office in Islington.

Adjoining "42" is another building familiar to our Elders, known as Stewart's Hotel. Here we put up for the night, sleeping most likely in a bed that has been the resting place for dozens of Elders before us. Indeed, someone says if it were not for the Mormon trade, Mrs. Stewart would be obliged to close her hotel. The accommodations being pleasant and reasonable, we feel on our return to make this our temporary home again.

Nine o'clock a. m. is the time set for a meeting with the Elders in the reception room at "42," so directly after breakfast all assemble there. President Lyman and counselors, James L. McMurrin and Henry W. Naisbitt, outline the work expected of the Elders and emphasize the kind of lives necessary in order to meet with the greatest success in preaching the Gospel and representing the Holy Priesthood. The mis-

sionaries then receive their appointments to different fields of labor, and shortly after meeting preparations are set afoot to leave Liverpool for newly assigned localities.

The ties of friendship and love formed by the Elders during their long journey from Utah make their separation at Liverpool one of the most trying experiences encountered in these lands. Every missionary to this country well remembers the "good-bye" at Liverpool as he left his friends for some "unknown city in an unknown land." Most of the Elders leave this afternoon, while the others remain over a day or two and invite us to join them in their explorations of the busy seafaring town of Liverpool.

Delbert W. Parratt.



TO THE BOYS.

A SHORT time since, in Salt Lake, the writer visited a friend in his drug store. After the greeting, a voice—an echo from the past, drew attention to a man occupying an easy chair near the show window. Turning, the outstretched hand was taken in an inquiring grasp: "You don't know me? Why, I am ———." The name awakened the sleeping memory, and within its almost unreal mists there appeared the youthful form and boyish face of one upon whom the angels had bestowed the divine gift of music. From childhood his soul had been filled with music, his whole life devoted to the rhythm and harmony of sound. Delighted audiences were entranced with the expression of his genius. The violin in his hands seemed to be endowed with life and expression as it sang for joy, or its almost human voice sank to the depths of sorrow or a refrain of des-

pair. It seemed as if the fates had conspired to make him heir to all they had to bestow. His future was filled to overflowing with almost unlimited possibilities.

Just an instant, and the boyish form and face of the genius of former days vanished. Was it possible that this was the one who, only a few brief years since, had thrilled large audiences with the fire of his inspiration, whose fame had spread over a continent? The face was bloated, and from the large full eyes the fire of his heavenly gift had departed. The large and shapely head alone was familiar. The man visibly recoiled under the inquiring glance, his watery eyes filled with tears and an expression of pitiful humiliation and appeal. He had sounded the depths into which thousands of delicately-poised minds have sunk in their efforts to string their highly sensitive nerves to still greater achievements by the use of alcoholic beverages.

During the past few years many of the boys of Marysvale have grown to be men. Along with their increasing years there seems to grow an appetite for alcoholic stimulants. The result is that hoodlumism and disorderly conduct are on the increase.

Boys, the law of cause and consequence is merciless. It is a law of nature that is unchangeable and pitiless in its demand of the last farthing of its judgment against you.

Can you afford to break the hearts of those who reared and love you? Will saloon life and its too often loathsome associations compensate you for the loss of love and respect on the part of your future wives and children? Can you afford to blight their lives as well as your own?

Will it pay you to waste your substance—to see your families half-clad,

half-fed and humiliated because you exchange your hard-earned dollars for wretchedness and poverty, while the vendors of the physical and moral

poison accumulate wealth and sport diamond pins?

Think it over, boys, and if it won't pay, stop it short and stay stopped.

Marysvalc Free Lance.



AFTER MANY YEARS.

(Continued from page 17.)

IT was late in the afternoon, and the sun was going down behind the western hills. The great heat of the day was past, and a balmy stillness seemed to have fallen over everything. Out in the grass the crickets were chirping drowsily, while somewhere in the distance cows were lowing, and a bell was tinkling.

For some time Mr. Edwards sat looking out over the quiet, peaceful scene before him, a sorrowful expression on his face. The blind man had left his seat on the settee and was no where to be seen. As he noticed this Mr. Edwards looked disappointed, and said to himself, "I wonder if he feels the same as the others do about it. I must find out, and if he does, I shall go back without telling who I am, and they will never know the real reason for my coming here."

Hardly had he finished the words, before a light footfall sounded on the steps, and little Maggie stood before him. Glancing swiftly about, as if to see if anyone was watching, she came quickly towards him, saying in a low voice,

"Please, sir, will you come out into the orchard? Grandpa is there, and would like very much to speak to you."

A pleased look flashed across Mr. Edwards' face, and rising from his seat, he followed the quick footsteps of his

little guide, as she led the way around the house and along a narrow path which finally brought them to the cool, old orchard.

The slanting rays of the setting sun shone beneath the tall trees, lighting up the shady nook where the blind man sat upon a bench. His hands were clasped before him on his cane, his head turned to one side as if he was listening for something; then as he heard footsteps coming towards him, he straightened himself up, but appeared to be still listening.

Mr. Edwards, with the little girl, drew near, and for a moment stood beside the old man without speaking, then bending forward, the gentleman touched him on the arm, saying gently,

"Little Maggie says you wish to speak to me, sir."

For some time, the blind man seemed unable to answer, but sat trembling from head to foot. Feeling for the hand that had touched him, he grasped it with eager fingers, and finally faltered out:

"Yes, sir, I took the liberty of sending for you, because there is something I wish very much to say to you. Will you sit beside me here on the bench, it is better than standing." Then after a slight pause the weak, old voice went on: "It is about my son Edward that I wish to speak to you. Ah! sir, I could not bear the thought of your going away

thinking that what *she* said of him was true,—for it is *not* true, sir,—he was never bad like that; a little wild and wayward perhaps, and at times a little hard to manage, but underneath it all his heart was loving and gentle as a girl's. I can see it now, though I could not then. As I sit and think it all over, I can remember many times when he tried hard to gain my good will and affection by doing something which he thought might please me,—some boyish, kindly action of which I seldom took any notice, for I was so wrapt up in the other one that I seemed to care for no one else. Sometimes, too, it seems as if I must have been kind of jealous of the great love which his mother had for him, for, although she always treated both her boys the same, yet I knew all the time that 'twas Ned she loved the best, and that made me harsh and hasty with him when I had no cause to be."

The old man's voice seemed to fail him for a moment, then turning his poor eyes, dim with tears, towards the man sitting beside him, he said brokenly: "Ah, sir, but I have been punished,—Heaven only knows how deeply, sorely punished, and through the long days and nights which are alike dark to me now, I do little else but think over my past life, wondering always what has become of Ned,—where he is, and what he is doing, wondering too, what I shall say to his mother when I meet her on the other side and she asks me, 'where is my boy? what have you done with him?' But at last my prayers have been answered, and I have heard of him, for, sir, that man you told about at supper is my son Ned. I knew it as soon as you spoke, and could hardly keep from shouting out my joy. Oh! sir, I can never thank you enough for bringing me news of him! When you see him again I wish you would give him a message

from me." Here the old man hesitated a little, then asked in a low voice, "Are we quite alone, sir?"

Mr. Edwards assured him that they were, with the exception of little Maggie who still stood by her grandfather's side.

"Ah! yes, Maggie is here, I know," the blind man said softly, and feeling around until he touched the little girl with his hand, he drew her closer to him. "Heaven knows what my life would be without this loving, little heart; she is my sole comfort," then lowering his voice almost to a whisper, he continued, "But what I wanted to tell you, sir, is this. I have a little money, a couple of hundred or so, which I have saved very carefully, thinking that, perhaps I might some day hear from Ned. *They* do not know anything about it. When you see him again, sir, will you ask him to let me know where to send it. Tell him it is but a trifle compared with what should have been his, but it is all I have in the world, and it will ease my heart a little if he will accept it, and," the voice was so low now that Mr. Edwards had to bend his head to catch the words, "will you say to him that I am a lonely, repentant, old man whose journey in this world is almost ended; that I would willingly give the remaining time that I have to spend here just to grasp his hand, and hear him say, 'father I forgive you,' or, if this cannot be, if he would only write to me, just a few lines to say that he—"

Unable to say more, the aged man paused, but long before he did so, Mr. Edwards had risen to his feet, and, now, bending forward caught the trembling old hands in his, saying in a voice of deep emotion:

"He has forgiven you, sir; fully, freely, as he hopes to be forgiven—"

He was prevented from speaking further just then, by hearing the sound

of a heavy, quick tread coming towards them along the path which the blind man seemed to recognize, for he quickly drew his hands from Mr. Edwards' strong clasp, and shrank back, weak and silent.

It was Henry Harding who was coming, and as he drew near the little group under the apple tree, he stopped, and for the first time that day, raised his eyes, and looked Mr. Edwards squarely in the face, without, however, appearing to see the flushed, agitated look, which just then rested upon it.

"I saw you coming out here, sir," he said, "and followed, that I might have a quiet talk with you." He seemed strangely excited himself, and took no notice whatever of his father and little daughter,—did not even seem to see them. "I want to tell you, how glad I am that you came here to-day;" he paused again, letting his glance wander out beyond over the wide fields and pastures which he called his own, but his voice was firm and steady when he spoke again. "When you return to New York will you kindly do me a favor? Will you hunt up that Edward Harding, and find out who he is, and if it should turn out that he is my brother, will you tell him that I say for him to come home, and I will do all I can to make things right with him. He shall have his share, a good half of everything—"

"Henry Harding, are you crazy!" screamed a voice behind him, and turning around, he confronted his wife, who stood there, her face white with anger. She, too, had seen the group gathered in the orchard, and had come out to see what it was all about, arriving just in time to hear her husband's words.

"No, I am not crazy, Agnes," he answered doggedly. "You had better keep still, for I am going to do what I think is right this time, come what will." His

voice sounded very determined, and out of respect for the presence of Mr. Edwards the woman kept silent, but her eyes snapped, and her thin lips were compressed into a straight line.

Her husband was speaking again.

"I am tired of living the way I have done,—tired of carrying the heavy load which has lain on my conscience for years, and shall be only too glad to make things right as far as I can. Scores and scores of times, have I woken up in the night, covered with a cold sweat, thinking I heard Ned's voice crying out in the darkness that he was starving, or in sore distress of some kind, and calling to me for help, and each time the load here" touching his breast, "has grown heavier to bear. And so, Mr. Edwards, if you find him, tell him to come home, and I will try to act on the square with him after this."

"Enough! you have said enough!" cried Mr. Edwards, his fine face aglow with joyous feeling; then coming up close to Henry's side, he caught him by the arm, and looking him straight in the eye, asked tremblingly, "Henry, brother, do you not know me?"

For the space of a few seconds, Henry Harding stood staring into the quivering, excited countenance of the man who had called himself Mr. Edwards, then faltered out, "Is it Ned?—it is—it is Ned!"

"Yes, Henry, it is Ned!" cried he, whom the reader has of course, known all along, was Edward Harding, the banker. "Father! brother! forgive my deception, but I wished to find out whether you wanted me to come back or not, before I told you who I was."

Extreme joy or sorrow is difficult to describe, and quite beyond my power of description was the poor, blind father's joy and thanksgiving when he found that it really was his son Edward who had come back to him again after all

these years; and Henry—grasping his brother's hand, he attempted to speak, but words failed him, and overcome by his feelings, he sank down beside his father on the bench, and burying his face in his hands, cried like a child. Scarcely less overcome was Edward Harding himself, but just then his attention was claimed by little Maggie, who held out her hand to him, saying shyly, her eyes dancing with gladness.

"How do you do, Uncle Ned? Will you shake hands with me?"

"That I will, little one," answered Mr. Harding, heartily, as he drew the child to him, "Bless your loyal, little heart! Uncle Ned will never forget how you believed in his goodness even before you ever saw him." And let us state right here that he never did.

In the midst of all this joyous excitement, Agnes Harding slipped away unnoticed, for she felt as if she had no part in the family rejoicing. As she turned away among the trees, she heard the voice of Edward Harding saying:

"No, Henry, I do not want it. You are welcome to the old place, for I am sure you have earned a better right to it than I; and—bless me! what should I do with a great farm like this on my hands? Do you remember how I used to let the weeds grow in the corn? Well," laughing, "I am afraid I should do worse than that now. Besides, I do not need it, I have plenty without it, Henry, and if father will go home with me, he shall be well taken care of, for the rest of his days. That is what I came for, father; to ask you to come and live with us. You will be welcome as the sunshine, sir; my wife will be proud to know you, and have you among us, and my children, I know, will love you dearly."

Who can describe the feeling of chagrin and mortification, which came over worldly minded Agnes Harding as

she heard her brother-in-law's generous words, and thought of the ill natured things which she had said of him at the supper table, little dreaming at the time, that the polite, agreeable stranger to whom she spoke, was the despised Ned Harding himself.

"Ah," she thought, as she hurried towards the house, "if I had only known how things were going to turn out!"

It was very late that night before old Mr. Harding and his two sons left off talking together; long after the other inmates of the house had gone to bed, they sat on the porch, talking over and straightening out all old troubles and grievances, coming to a better understanding of each other than in all their lives they had ever been before. During this conversation Edward Harding again spoke about taking his father home with him, whereupon Henry turned towards the blind man, and said slowly, and as if the words were hard to utter.

"Father, I know I am not a good man, and that I have not been a good son to you; but I have made up my mind this day, that I am going to be different, and, so, if you prefer staying here on the farm, if you would rather make your home with us, I will try to make things pleasanter for you than I have done before, try to repay you in a better way for all you have done for me."

In the darkness the father reached out and grasped his son's hand. "Henry," he said, huskily, "I am glad to hear you speak like this, and I believe you mean what you say; but it has been such a long time that Edward has been away,—why, it seems like I am not acquainted with him at all, and," wistfully, "if it doesn't make any difference to you, I think I should like to go and live with him,—for a while, at least."

And so it was arranged.

At the earnest request of his brother,

Edward prolonged his stay in Enderly to nearly a week, which he spent in going over the farm with Henry, and in hunting up, and visiting those of his old friends and one time playmates who were still living in the place.

In these visits he was accompanied by his father and brother, and it would be difficult to say which of the three men appeared to enjoy himself the most,—the blind father, who was learning anew the delightful experience of being cared for by one who did not think him a trouble, or burden; morose, hard working Henry Harding, who seldom had the time or inclination to enjoy himself much, but who now seemed filled with the charm of his brother's presence, and was very happy indeed; or genial, kindly hearted Edward Harding who, throwing all care to the winds, felt "like a boy again," as he himself expressed it.

The only one on the farm who did not do all in his or her power to make Edward's visit a pleasant one was Agnes Harding herself.

Ever since the day when he had disclosed his identity she had avoided him as much as possible, and when she could not do this her manner towards him was constrained, and very ungracious. Noticing this, and thinking that, perhaps she still harbored feelings against him, in the generous, straight forward way so characteristic of him, he set about to make things right.

On the morning on which Edward and his father were to start for the east, Mrs. Harding was busy at work in the kitchen, when, hearing a step beside her, was surprised, and a little confused to see her brother-in-law standing near.

"Agnes," he said, his voice low, and pleasant, "I am going home,—will you not speak to me, and tell me you are glad that I came? I am glad,—happier than I can tell, that I have seen you all,

and am going home good friends with everybody." Then holding out his hand, he went on, "Our paths in life lie far apart, Agnes, and,—who knows?—we may never see each other again in this world; then will you not be friends with me, and wish me good-bye?"

There was something in his look and tone which this woman could not resist, and as she looked up, and placed her hand in his, there were tears in her eyes, and for the first time in all her selfish life, a wish in her heart, that she had been a better woman, and more worthy to take the hand of this man whom she believed to be good and honorable.

At parting, Henry clasped his brother's hand firmly and said, "Remember Ned, if you ever want to change your mind, and come in for your share of the place here, it is yours at any time and," wistfully, "I begin to wish you would come back right away."

Edward laughed, and shook his head. "Thank you just the same, Henry," he replied, but I do not want it,—I am better off where I am; then turning to bid his little niece, who stood near, good-bye, he added, as if a sudden thought had come to him, "Give my share—if I have any, to little Maggie here when she gets married. She surely deserves it for her loving care of her grandfather."

And so the two brothers parted, good friends indeed, after long years of doubt and misunderstanding.

Little Maggie was almost broken-hearted at first, at the thought of her grandfather going away, but her uncle at parting, whispered something about a beautiful present which he intended sending her as soon as he reached home, and of a long visit to New York which he was going to persuade her parents to make during the coming winter, of course bringing her with them; and

these things, after a time, partly consoled the child for her loss.

For some time after his brother's visit, Henry Harding seemed, to those about him to be more silent and morose than ever, for within his heart was going on a conflict of which no one knew beside himself, until one night, a week or so later, he said to his wife, "I have been thinking a great deal lately, Agnes,—in fact ever since Ned and father went away, and a lot of queer thoughts and notions have run through my head. When Ned was here he told me all about himself, and his folks, and how happy they were together, and all that; and it has seemed to me ever since that, somehow or other, you and I have missed something in our way of living,—that we have not known how to get the good out of life that we might have done. And hearing him talk has made me think that, after all, money isn't the only thing in the world worth striving for, and, a'though Ned has got money enough I guess, yet, it isn't for that, I know,

that people like him so well, for you can't help liking him as soon as you look into his eyes, can you?—but because he is good and true and everybody's friend. And I have been thinking how much better it would be, if you and I would try and be more like that—more sociable and friendly, and think sometimes of somebody beside ourselves;—what do you say, wife,—shall we try?" And his wife, for once meekly submissive, nodded assent.

Let us hope they kept their good resolution.

It is almost needless to say that old Mr. Harding never went back to the farm-house to live, for loving hearts and hands made life so pleasant for him in the home of his son Edward, that he never had any desire to go back to the old life again; and as the years glide happily and peacefully along he never ceases to thank his Heavenly Father for that son who returned to him after many years to be a comfort and solace to him in his old age. *Jennie Roberts.*



KINDERGARTEN SONGS AND STORIES.

PIGGY.

PIGGY Robinson sat sulkily upon the ash-pile in the garden thinking over his trouble. He was very dirty. His brown corduroy trousers were gray with dust and ashes. His turn-over collar, once so white, was streaked with black. His hands were grimy beyond description. But these not unusual conditions could not account for his sadness.

Despite the dirt usually visible upon the person of "Piggy," that young gentleman knew that ten hours out of the

twenty-four he was hopelessly clean by reason of much soap and water applied by his devoted mother every night at bed-time. "Piggy's" attitude was that of one who deliberately invites dirt. He knew small ragged boys who went in the same coat of grime day in and day out, and the distinction between boys dirty all the time and boys dirty only during daylight hours was to "Piggy" a distinction beyond the need of comment.

But upon this sunny spring afternoon "Piggy" was in genuine distress.

To begin at the beginning, he had a

girl cousin; a chubby, gold-haired, small damsel, beautiful to behold, with her appealing eyes, her insinuating ways, and her red button of a mouth.

The name of the little lady was Theodora, and until today "Piggy" had regarded her as an inferior being—a quite ordinary unenviable little girl. Whenever she came to visit him, and they played together, he was the commander-in-chief of their games, the ringleader and general tyrant. His ability to out-run and out-climb and out-do her in all childish sports was regarded by Theodora as quite natural.

"Piggy," with his freckled face, his sturdy body, and scrubby, sandy hair, was a boy. Theodora, with her dignified name, her yellow curls, her pink cheeks, and slim little figure under the dainty, always clean, frocks, was nothing but a girl. Therefore, "Piggy" reigned quite peacefully, since Theodora was a gentle soul with no theories concerning woman's rights.

But today had come a revolution. "Piggy" was reduced, by a dreadful chain of troubles, to envy Theodora, and cousin Arthur had forged the chain. "Cousin Arthur" was a miracle of valor, he was nineteen years old, and "Piggy's" hero, and only that morning had planned a great treat for the children.

"Aunt Emma," he said to "Piggy's" mother, "the circus is in town, and I thought perhaps you'd let me take the children in to see it this afternoon as it is a holiday.

"Piggy's" mother laid down her sewing with a cry of pleasure. "Arthur, you're a darling. Today is Theodora's birthday and I did want to give her some 'surprise' treat, but she has been so coddled that I could not plan a thing new. You look up the children and I'll go and hurry lunch so that you can start early."

When Arthur reached the back yard he found Theodora, clean and pretty as ever, playing with her large family of paper dolls and using the old dog kennel for an apartment house. But "Piggy" was nowhere to be seen. Theodora being questioned, remarked: "I think he's gone wading in the creek; but he's always hungry, so he'll be back to lunch." Yet lunch was eaten, Theodora carefully dressed by Aunt Emma in her newest white dress and cherry-colored sash, and still no "Piggy."

They were waiting on the front porch when around the corner there suddenly appeared an ashcart drawn by an old horse and containing two very dirty figures. One was the ashman, the other was "Piggy," dirtier than words can tell. Proudly "Piggy" drove the "fiery" steed, while the ashman smiled upon him with pride, and "Piggy's" family gaze upon them both with astonished eyes. The boy had first gotten thoroughly wet at the creek, and then his ashman friend, passing by, had been persuaded to give him a ride, and after a scramble through the ashes, "Piggy" had reached the driver's seat, and been honored by the reins. Consequently, at this stage of his experience, "Piggy" looked like a child of the gutter. He seemed incased in an armor of brown mud.

"'Piggy,'" cried his mother in anguished tones, "Oh, 'Piggy,' it will take *hours* to get you clean!" Theodora danced up and down in her excitement. "Oh, 'Piggy,' hurry, hurry, hurry! We are going to the circus." But Cousin Arthur looked at his watch, and on his face was a look of disgust—"No, we're *not*—at least 'Piggy's' not. It's time we were off; and though I am proud to take to the show a nice, clean little girl, I will have nothing to do with a filthy kid like 'Piggy.'"

And so in great disappointment "Piggy" saw those two happy people go down the walk and out of the gate on their way to the car. They were bound for that splendid show of which he had heard so much and for a glimpse of which he would have given anything he owned. And Cousin Arthur—his favorite cousin—had gone off for a whole afternoon with Theodora, and had called him—"Piggy"—"a filthy kid."

So to the top of the ashpile he had fled, from his mother's sympathy to suffer alone, and now his retreat was being invaded.

A little girl in a gingham apron, with two stubby pigtails, exactly the color of molasses candy, stood looking at him silently. She was not pretty, as unlike as possible to curly-haired Theodora. But she had a bright little face. "Piggy" knew her as "that Burton girl," or the Burton "tomboy." She was the only girl in a family of four boys, and "Piggy" had not liked her because, when she played with him, she insisted that "Girls are just as good as boys, and better too, 'cause my father says so."

Today the little girl seemed somehow attractive, but he scowled just to show his aloofness of spirit. She said, however, in a polite little voice: "Say, 'Piggy,' want a bite?" He accepted at once a huge mouthful of dried citron, a delicacy he appreciated.

The little girl kicked a bit of coal with a little stubbed shoe and hesitated, then she said, "'Piggy,' I've got a splendid new book, all about tigers and jungles, and the boy who had little cubs for playmates."

"Piggy," frightened for an instant, then answered ungraciously: "Oh, I know that story." But she interrupted him eagerly: "No, my mother says the story has only been written a little while. The boy's name is 'Mowgli,'

and there's a snake named 'Kaa,' and the dearest little bear named 'Baloo,' and 'Mowgli' plays with them in the jungle, and understands the way they talk; and *he never goes to school.*" Then with a bright smile at "Piggy:" "Don't you want to come over to my house and see the pictures and hear my mother read the stories out loud?"

"Piggy" pondered for a moment. Life, it seemed, might still hold compensations. When he spoke, it was much in Cousin Arthur's gallant manner: "Oh, well, I don't mind if I do." Then looking at his grimy hands, his face fell. "Perhaps I'd better go home and get cleaned up first," he ventured.

The small girl looked him over critically. A certain amount of dirt she understood, but there are limits. In "Piggy's" brain was dawning a preference for pig-tails over curls. Somehow they seemed more in keeping with the important thing of life. Then the little girl said with careful politeness: "Perhaps you'd better, 'Piggy.' I'll wait for you on the porch."

Mrs. Robinson, called upon to give her son a bath, in the middle of the afternoon, by his own request, was more than a little astonished; but she kissed him fondly upon his cowlick when he was clean again, and recognized the occasion as an epoch in history.

Selected.

[The language of this story, as of all we tell, must be adapted to the age of the children to whom it is told.—D. S. K.]



THE LITTLE CHILDREN IN JAPAN.

The little children in Japan
Are fearfully polite;
They always thank their bread and milk
Before they take a bite,
And say, "You make us most content,
O honorable nourishment!"

The little children in Japan
 Don't think of being rude.
 "O noble dear mama," they say,
 "We trust we don't intrude,"
 Instead of rushing in to where
 All day their mother combs her hair.

The little children in Japan
 Wear mittens on their feet;
 They have no proper hats to go

A-walking on the street;
 And wooden stilts for overshoes
 They don't object at all to use.

The little children in Japan
 With toys of paper play,
 And carry paper parasols
 To keep the rain away;
 And when you go to see, you'll find
 It's paper walls they live behind.—*Selected.*



TOPICS OF THE TIMES. IN A CANADIAN SCHOOL.

THE public schools of the North-west Territories of the Canadian Dominion are of a very high standard, especially when it is considered that the country is sparsely settled, and that the demand and necessities for an education are not so greatly felt as in thickly populated districts. The public school course consists of five standards which are a little in advance of our eight grades. Here, however, the high school has but three years instead of four as with us, but the last year of the high school is equivalent to the first year of college. It is possible for a bright student to cover the five standards in as many years, though it is rare that such progress is so rapidly made. The system of education is certainly commendable and thorough. There is a special pride taken by the authorities in keeping up the standard.

One peculiarity exists that is not found with us in the normal schools. Here the students take the high school course and after that if they care to become teachers, they pursue a four month's course in a normal training school where no academic work whatever is done.

The entire four months are given to training work and to the theory of education. The high school course is completed in the spring of the year, and the normal training course in midwinter. This no doubt gives rise to the peculiar school year which begins January 1st and ends December 31st. Contracts with teachers are made at the opening of the calendar year.

Most of the teachers of the Mormon Colonies come from Ontario. There will be employed in these colonies at the opening of the year 1903 twenty two teachers. With the exception of three, they are all ladies, and the lady teachers are very greatly superior in my judgment to the male teachers, though the ladies, in some instances, would evidently be shocked at such a declaration.

An amusing incident occurred during a reading recitation in which the lady teacher made statements to the children that are not universally accepted. The subject of the lesson was "Lady-Moon." Lady-Moon was personified and addressed as "she" and "her." In the course of the questions asked, the lady teacher wanted to know why we ad-

dressed the sun as "he" or "him." The answer was not satisfactory, whereupon she volunteered the information that it was because the sun was bigger, brighter, and better than the moon. After all that concession, I expected the lady's astronomy would come to her aid, and that, perhaps, she would make the concession complete by further saying that it was because the moon derived its light from the sun. May be she was not prepared to go that far, and it may be she had not studied astronomy. At any rate, she halted after the word "better."

In the public schools the examinations and grading are left to the teachers as with us; but when the fifth standard is reached, then what is styled a leaving

examination is held. This is conducted by the government and is quite rigorous. Disinterested and unknown persons mark the papers so that a teacher's partiality and own reputation in making his class work appear thorough avail the student nothing in his leaving examination. Thereafter in the high school course, the teachers are not permitted to mark the examination papers of their students. That is all done by school inspectors. It is an honor to pass from the fifth standard which really gives a fairly liberal education.

J. M. Tanner.

Regina, Canada.



SOME OF OUR MISSION SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

THE SAN FRANCISCO BRANCH SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THE first Latter-day Saints Sunday School held in San Francisco dates back to August 6, 1893. At that time Brother Geo. Hyde was chosen as its superintendent, with Brother Lewis as secretary.

In February, 1895, Brother Robert Eccles assumed the duties of superintendent, first acting alone, and later with Brothers W. W. Collins and Arthur Scholes as first and second assistants respectively. In November, 1901, Brother W. W. Collins and Brothers W. P. Wolfinger and A. A. Quellmalz became and are at present the superintendent and assistant superintendents of the Sunday School.

The school meets regularly in one of the halls of the Pythian Castle, 909 Market Street, every Sunday morning. Being on the principal thoroughfare in the center of town, it no doubt

attracts many pedestrians who would never have noticed it in a less favorable place.

The condition of the Sunday School is most encouraging and it promises to be a factor for much good as an auxiliary to the Church.

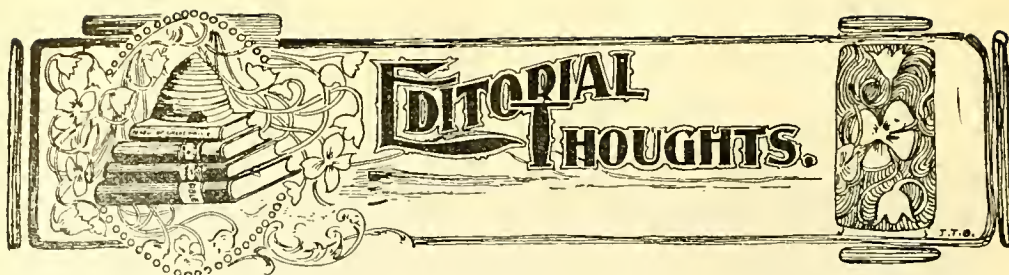
Its corps of teachers are active and intelligent young people well acquainted with the work, and enthusiastic in their efforts to present the truth in the most convincing manner. Harmony in spirit and prompt and willing dispatch of duty on the part of officers and teachers mark the school as a place of progress, peace and good order.

There are four classes, with an average total attendance of forty-seven. Brother R. Olsen has charge of the Bible class; Brother J. Kirkham of the Book of Mormon class; Brother W. Herrick of the Articles of Faith class,

and Sister L. Rogers of the primary class, Brother C. Davis is the secretary and Sister Grace Anderson the organist. The past year has been a prosperous one for the school and its future is bright and encouraging.



THE SAN FRANCISCO SUNDAY SCHOOL.



SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, JANUARY 15, 1903.

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George Reynolds, First Asst. General Superintendent
J. M. Tanner, Second Asst. General Superintendent

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INCREASED RESPONSIBILITIES OF CITY GOVERNMENTS.

THE increasing frequency of crimes in our larger cities against good order and the personal rights of our citizens must be a matter of the most thoughtful consideration and of deep-felt anxiety to the people of Utah. The awful crimes that follow in quick succession must shock the finer and higher natures of all law abiding and morally inclined citizens whose pride for the good reputation of our beautiful cities is wounded, and whose sense of right and justice is continually outraged. The prayerful wish of every good citizen is that we may

have less violence, and a high regard for the welfare and safety of all. There are vices untold, and crimes too numerous to mention that never in a city the size of Salt Lake come to light, and yet the inner and hidden life of a city must find some expression in character, if not always in kind, by outward violence and disorder. It would be quite impossible to say what the ratio is between open and notorious acts in violation of law, and the hidden crimes which sap the moral strength of the community. It is safe to say, however, that the outer and public life of a community is largely effected by its secret vices and concealed evils.

A healthful and vigorous sentiment in favor of law and order will do much to relieve our chief cities of this festering condition. Parents are foolishly criminal who act as though the municipal government is likely to afford their sons and daughters much protection against the snares that are constantly set to entrap them. A vigorous parental influence should be persistently exercised against the evils and temptations which are inviting so many of our young people to their ruin. These increasing evils make it daily more and more dangerous to the welfare and happiness of the people. What a city's government lacks in the maintenance of order and good discipline must be made up in the government and vigilance of the home. It would be perhaps impossible to locate unerringly the responsibility for the reckless state of affairs in the city

government. The people at large and the officers are largely responsible for the liberties wicked and designing men are taking with our rights and privileges. The lawless element should find a prompt and vigorous public condemnation on the one hand, and determined suppression of their unlawful acts by the constituted authorities on the other. There is altogether too great a disposition to count upon the political support of a questionable class. Men running for or accepting office should be made to feel that they are safe in the hands of an upright citizenship. If citizens in a municipality will stand for a high standard of official service and feel that in the choice of the instrumentalities of their sovereign power the higher qualities on the one side will be pitted against the lower on the other, they will have no difficulty in persuading men of the highest type to accept the responsibilities of office, and they will soon persuade party leaders and conventions that only the fittest can survive.

The evils that confront us in our larger cities today are enough to enlist the righteous indignation of every man and woman, and call for a persistent and

vigorous warfare. Because like evils have existed before, or because they may have been covered up is no reason why we should relent. The Latter-day Saints are numerous enough to bear very largely the responsibility which every good citizen should feel for the welfare of our public concerns.

It may not be possible always to determine just where the greatest faults exist, but it is not impossible to indicate where faults are to be found, and wherever found they should be corrected. We have certainly done better in the past than we are doing now, and may we then not hope for better conditions than exist today. Something is radically wrong and needs correction. Let the families of the Latter-day Saints take an inventory of the moral and religious conditions of their homes and find if they can whether any member is contributing either by commission or omission to the downward tendency in government and good order. If we lose our sense of responsibility we endanger not only our own personal moral welfare, but the safety of the community which we are in honor bound to maintain.

Jos. F. Smith.



AMONG RED ROCKS.

II.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 755, VOL. 37.)

WHAT boy would not consider it the glory of his youth to cross his legs in front of an Indian wigwam and feel at home! I would now forego a year in college, thirty days to trudge arm in arm with a thoroughbred Red Man, in his pulsing veins to sense the flow of an eternity of unread history.

A greater thrill of joy would be mine, if, while by his side, my complexion could be made to take on the hue of his own, my heart to feel Indian loves and hates, my mind to think Indian thoughts, my stomach relish his gritty delicacies, and my back lie painless on his hard bed. Sad day this when our

change of faith forbids us living another man's life. If society would let me believe in re-incarnation, rather, were such a belief founded on truth, when in the land of death I had reached the sending-back place and met the grizzly dispenser of fates, I should fall on my knees before him and say, "Father, make me an Indian."

I cannot help this strange preference any more than I can help the turn of my nose or the absence of hair-roots on my upper lip. It is a re-birth from old desires, like the springing up of tender shoots around a barkless stump; for I grew like a tree, Indian ideals shaping the pith of me, and ever since I have been forming concentric circles about that central part, constantly fearing lest, some day, the outer peel off and leave the inner exposed.

My earliest remembered interest was in our Indian neighbors. These, a tribe of harmless Utes, when not on a hunting expedition, generally pitched their camps along the foothills between the village and the mountains. It was a gala day for us boys when we saw a long string of lean, droop-eared cayuse ponies, piled all over with blankets, deer skins, baskets, and jugs, frying pans, coffee pots, papooses and squaws, come filing up the street to deposit their tumble of household goods within reach of our maraudings.

It was magic how the wigwams grew in a night—great conical heaps of sagebrush and cedar bark, with the straight poles of the framework protruding at a point in the centre. Ideally lazy homes they seemed to my boyish fancy. The circular areas were covered with untanned hides and furs, that were forever exhaling the joyous fragrance of the hunt. And I half wished I could live amid the drowsy aroma of the sagebrush and of the clouds of pungent smoke that, on

a dull day, settled about like gentle opium vapors, share the Indian diet of dried venison and roast hare, by his side draw the bow in the chase, and with him at night lie wrapped in a warm blanket. There was something of romance in the full quivers, with here and there along the shafts of the arrows a fleck of blood, which told how true and deep the taut string had driven the pointed spike. As I handled them enviously, I often wondered how many lives had trickled out through the grooves cut in the hard wood. The long, symmetrical bow, too, was suggestive. Close wrapped in sinew and pitch, it seldom would yield its stern dignity under the impulse of our slender muscles; yet on it we measured the strength of our yearly growth.

At midday an Indian buck would send an arrow upwards out of sight. The feathers, whizzing, cut the air, there was a streak in the deep blue, then it was gone. We would gaze after it and wait. A recurrent whiz, and the shaft trembled upright in the hard earth a few yards from the bowman. Then he would sit in dumb triumph, while in vain we attempted the feat.

Naturally enough, there early sprang up an acquaintance between us boys of the village and the papooses of the cedar-bark wigwams. Reserve at first, then rivalry; this was the order of social growth. Many a Sunday afternoon we spent contesting in the shady ravines, the white savages pitted against the red. We wrestled and felt no compunction at locking arms with the sleek little warriors, and tussling to decide for mastery. We ran races and competed with the bow and arrow, in the last event alone having to acknowledge our inferiority. The papoose was backed by too many generations of experience for us to outskill him with his own weapon.

In such pastimes was developed my first social taste—a preference for papoose companionship. Next, as a natural sequence, I came to prefer the amusements of the wigwam.

About the age of ten, on every spare afternoon, Joe and I used each to sling a quiver of arrows over his back, and with a few other youngsters, barefoot like ourselves, set out on a scalp hunt. Much to our distaste, we had to content ourselves with small game, as chipmunks and squirrels, but on these we used our scalping knives with as much relish as any of Cooper's Iroquois heroes applied their blades to better heads. Up the long sandy gulches, our arrows on the string, warily we advanced, ever alert for a possible chipmunk incautiously showing himself outside his burrow, or a bird, resting for an instant on a limb of a desert greasewood. We had as little compassion for feathers or fur as the burning sand exhibited towards our shoeless feet; and the hot sun and the red quivering cliffs we were as indifferent to as to the passing breeze or the waning day.

On the ridges of the far-receding foothills were great cactuses, about which the wind, through many seasons, had been dropping its burden of sand, until mounds were formed, several feet high. These were the favorite haunts of rodents and were perforated by a network of their diggings. Hither our ramblings generally led. By a concerted signal we would dash on one of these sandheaps, and if a squirrel was taking a nap in the shade we generally saw him before he darted into his hole. Then followed the siege and the routing. One or more, with long sticks, would punch in the burrows, while the others, with arrows laid, would watch for the least glint of the prey's flecked side. A twang of the bow string, with a "There he

goes" from an excited hunter, set the band in wild-eyed anticipation, and the lad that shot the fatal arrow was the hero of the moment.

The hunted were not the only forms of life that often found themselves in an evil way. We were barefoot, and about the cactuses were broken fragments with ominously long spines attached, which often acted as a quieter in times of greatest excitement. I remember once, while we were on a raid, Joe had the routing stick and I, with drawn bow, was waiting the appearance of the unhappy chipmunk, in the meantime stepping airily on my side of the mound I saw a streak of fur and danced about with great disregard of my own security. Suddenly my bow and arrow fell to the ground and Joe shouted out:

"What's the matter, Teddie?"

"Come here, can't you? I got a cactus in my foot."

"Does it hurt?" asked Joe.

"Oh, golly, yes. Pull it out quick."

"Then sit still."

Joe was impatient, for already the chipmunk had scampered off. A big cluster of thorns clung to the bottom of my foot, and around the inserted spines were little drops of blood oozing out.

"Now, Teddie," continued Joe, "put your head back, like that, and look straight up, and just think you can see stars, and it won't hurt you a bit. Now, all ready."

"Ouch! Did you get it out, Joe?"

"No. It ran in my own fingers like everything."

"Jiminy it hurts. Try again. Quick!"

"I'm not going to run it in my own fingers, I guess. Ought to watch out for your feet."

"Oh, my, it hurts!" and I nursed my foot consolingly.

"Now, don't cry 'bout it, bawl baby. Hain't no tougher 'an a girl. Bet if I'd

got it in my foot I wouldn't a cried a bit."

"Yes, but you're darned scared of your fingers, what you are. I'd a pulled it out of yours in a jiffy, what I would, Boo—hoo!"

"Well, now, wait a minute, and I'll get a stick. There, now, look straight up again, and shut your eyes, and think you can see stars."

"Ouch! Ouch!"

"Be still a moment, can't you?"

"Ouch! Ouch! Ouch!"

"I can't get it out if you keep wiggling around like that. I'll get a better hold on it this time."

I saw stars.

"Did you get it?"

"Bet I did. It's a whopper, ain't it?"

"Guess 'tis. 'Twas in there 'bout a mile."

James Edward Fogeldy.



EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF PARLEY P. PRATT.

IF by reading the lives of great men "we can make our lives sublime," then it would be a good thing for each of us to read "The Life and Travels of Parley P. Pratt." He was indeed a great man. He might not be called great were he measured by the world's standard of greatness; but as the thoughts of God are above the thoughts of men, so is the standard of the Almighty above that of the world, and, according to that standard he was a great man; great because he was *good*; for good men are always great men.

The brevity of this sketch compels me to omit many very important events in the life of this faithful Apostle. I am pleased, however, to be able to state that in the near future another and much cheaper edition of his "Life and Travels" will be published, and will, I am sure, be read with pleasure and profit by thousands of Saints, both young and old.

We have read in the "Book of Mormon" that the Lord gives no commandment unto the children of men save He first prepare the way for them to accomplish that which He desires. The life of Parley Parker Pratt fully corroborates the truth of this statement. Thousands of

years ago the Lord planned a "marvelous work and a wonder," which He decided to bring forth in the last days or in the dispensation of the fullness of times. In order to lay the foundation of that work it would be necessary for Him to raise up men, mighty and strong, who would bend all their energies to His will and seek first and foremost the interests of His kingdom and its righteousness. It would be necessary for these men to come upon the earth at a certain time, so that when the Lord commenced His work they would have reached the age of manhood and would be able to assist in it.

Judged by his life, a life consecrated wholly and solely to God and His great latter-day work, Parley P. Pratt must have been a chosen vessel, ordained and set apart for the Master's use before he came to this earth. This being the case we can readily see why he should be born on the 12th day of April, 1807. This would cause him to be twenty-three years of age when the work of the last dispensation would be ushered in, a work in which he was destined to take a very important part. So, while the 12th of April, 1807, is not a red-letter day on the Church calendar, it is of sufficient

importance to remember; for on that day was born one of the greatest Apostles of the last dispensation.

Let us look for a moment at his birth-place, Burlington, Otsego Co., New York. In this, I think, we can also see the hand of Omnipotence. Born in such close proximity to the cradle of the great latter-day work, he was able to get most intimately acquainted with its founder, Joseph Smith, and therefore able to judge of its divinity.

But notwithstanding that he was born at such an appropriate time and place, had Parley P. Pratt been a religious bigot, a narrow-minded sectarian, he would not have been a suitable person to assist in laying the foundation of this great work. He was neither. His soul was free from religious bias. His father "was a man of excellent morals, and he exerted himself diligently, by stern example as well as precept, to instil into the minds of his children every principle of integrity, honesty, honor and virtue." "He taught us," says Parley, "to venerate our Father in heaven, Jesus Christ, His Apostles, as well as the scriptures written by them; while at the same time he belonged to no religious sect, and was careful to preserve his children free from all prejudice in favor of or against any particular denomination, into which the so-called Christian world was then unhappily divided."

Even when he was a mere boy, Parley began unconsciously to prepare himself for his future mission; while other boys were spending their spare hours loitering in stores or at the street corners, he was at home reading good books. He says: "I always loved a good book. If I worked hard, a book was in my hand in the morning while others were sitting down to breakfast; the same at noon; if I had a few moments, a book! a book! a book at evening while others slept or

sported; a book on Sundays: a book at every leisure moment of my life."

At the age of fifteen years he was engaged by a Mr. Wm. S. Herrick to assist him on his farm, and he speaks in the warmest terms of praise of his employer.

The following winter he had the privilege of attending school, during which time he boarded with his widowed aunt, Mrs. Van Cott, who performed the part of a mother to him.

With the return of spring he bade good bye to the school forever. In the month of September following he and his brother William started on a journey westward in search of some spot of ground which they might prepare as their future home. After traveling two hundred miles on foot they selected a spot for a farm in the woods, about two miles from the town of Oswego, in the State of New York. From a Mr. Morgan they purchased seventy acres of land for the sum of two hundred and eighty dollars. They paid seventy dollars down, and agreed to pay the balance in four annual payments, with interest. They then returned to the East and began to work to raise the means to pay for the land.

In this undertaking they were doomed to suffer disappointment. They improved the land, planted crops and reaped a good harvest; but they could not get a market for their produce. They were unable to raise the money to pay for the land and Mr. Morgan took advantage of their circumstances. He took the land from them, together with the payments they had made, and all the improvements they had put upon the farm.

It has been truly said:

"Man's inhumanity to man makes countless millions mourn."

But we have been taught to recognize the hand of God "in all things." Let

us not make an exception in this case. Parley P. Pratt's life was to be one of trials and disappointments. His training for such a life was not beginning a day too soon. Place him upon a farm in the town of Oswego and what do you do? You interfere with the purposes of God and stay the progress of Parley P. Pratt's mission. That was not the place for him. I am sure that today Elder Pratt does not regret losing that farm. Filled with sorrow and disappointment, he left the country and his father, and went to Wayne Co., New York, where he spent a few months with his uncles, Ira and Allen Pratt. In the autumn of 1826 he decided to bid farewell to civilization and to go into the wilderness of the far west and spend the remainder of his days among the natives of the forest. "There," thought he, "there will be no buying and selling of lands—no law to sweep all the hard earnings of years to pay a small debt—no wranglings about sects and creeds and doctrines. I will win the confidence of the red man; I will learn his language; I will tell him of Jesus; I will read to him the scriptures; I will teach him the arts of peace; to hate war; to love his neighbor; to fear and love God; and to cultivate the earth."

"A strange resolve," you say. No, it is not strange when we know his future life. This was simply the leaping of the missionary spirit in his young soul.

The following winter we find him in a little cabin built with his own hands, in a dense forest in the state of Ohio, away from the abode of man, but near to nature and nature's God. Let us approach the humble cabin and take a peep into it. A fire is burning brightly, and before it, stretched on a bed of leaves and straw, is a young man not yet twenty years of age, reading the Holy Scriptures. Who can this strange mortal be

that has left the society of men and taken up his abode in a lonely forest, spending his days and nights in reading, meditation and prayer, and living on venison, and a little bread and water? My dear friends, that is a future prophet in Israel, an Apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ, one whose name in years to come shall be known throughout all the world, and who by tongue and pen shall lead thousands of the children of men out of darkness into the glorious light of the Gospel of Christ. That boy lying on that bed of leaves is Parley P. Pratt.

Spring returned. The woods were pleasant, the air was filled with the fragrance of flowers and the sweet songs of the birds. Parley Pratt was now twenty years of age. He bargained for a piece of farm land, commenced to clear a farm and to build a house. During this work his thoughts often flew away to the land of Canaan, where lived one whom he had loved for years. He decided to go and see her again. So taking leave of his forest home, he returned to Canaan, and proceeded at once to the home of Mr. Halsey, where he found the object of his affections—his daughter Thankful. They spent the evening together. Parley told the young lady of his losses, poverty and prospects, of the lone retreat in the forest where he had spent the previous winter and where he expected to make his home. He also told her of his religious views and of his desire to teach the red man. "Now," said he, "if you still love me and desire to share my fortune, you are worthy to be my wife. If not, we will agree to be friends forever, but part to meet no more in time."

"True love laughs at locksmiths." She does the same at poverty. Thankful Halsey's love was true. "I have loved you during three years' absence,"

said she, "and never can be happy without you."

Two months later they were married, and soon after set out for their home in the wilderness. Mrs. Pratt had some money, and this she gave to her husband to pay for the land he had purchased. What cannot be accomplished by the magic touch of a woman? Thankful Pratt, always "bandbox sleek" herself, soon had the little log home neat as wax. She did not spend her days in pining after those she had left behind, but using her heart horticultural powers set to work to convert the wilderness into a bed of flowers. And she succeeded too. In this home of "duty and endeavor" Parley Pratt was no silent partner. The mighty oaks of the forest which day by day had tried to frighten

him off by crying out "No thoroughfare," tottered and fell before his ax and muscle, and in their place soon sprang up acres of golden grain. Other settlers followed the example set by Parley Pratt, and in a few years the "desert began to blossom as the rose." A little community sprang up, a school was established, and Thankful Pratt was appointed teacher. Here Parley Pratt might have spent the remainder of his days in peace and happiness; but such was not the design of the Almighty. He had a greater work for His servant to do. I have no doubt but that that was the proper place for Parley P. Pratt to be at that time. Succeeding events prove this.

W. A. Morton.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



SOME OF OUR POETS.

CHARLES WILLIAM PENROSE.



AMONG the many loved song writers and poets of Zion, there is no one more widely known, or has had greater influence in song among the people of modern Israel, than Elder Charles W. Penrose, the subject of this sketch. He is without doubt one of the most gifted and talented writers and speakers that ever used tongue or pen in the defense of the Gospel revealed anew through the Prophet Joseph Smith. For over fifty years he has been untiring in his zeal in defense of the people of God and in proclaiming the Gospel message.

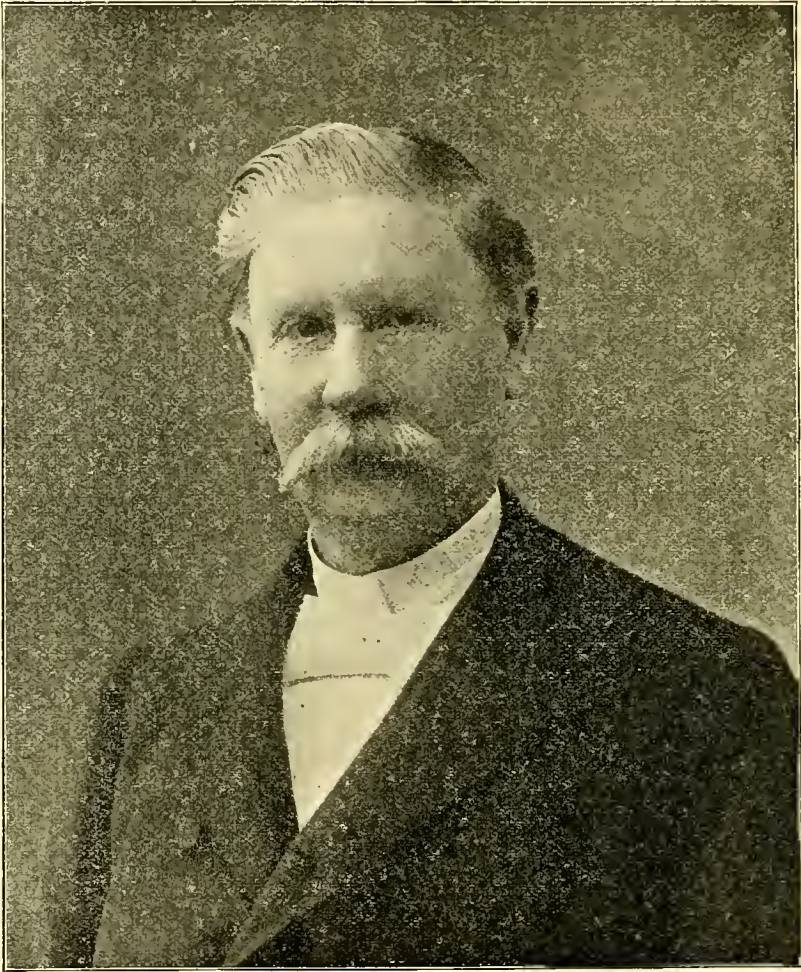
On February 4th next Elder Penrose will be seventy-one years of age, though judging him from his mental and physical activity he would easily pass for a

man much under sixty. This is due more to strictly temperate habits than to any other cause, as he was never very robust. He was born in 1832, in London, England, and was a remarkably precocious youth. When but four years of age he read the Bible, and through the gift of a remarkable memory and quick perception he became, while still a child, well versed in Scripture doctrines.

In 1850 he became a convert to Mormonism, and through his knowledge of the Scriptures, he soon made a forcible expounder of the faith. A few months after his baptism he was ordained an Elder, and shortly thereafter, when not yet nineteen years old, he was sent on a mission to preach the Gospel, open up new fields and build up branches of

the Church in various parts of England, commencing in the county of Essex. Like the disciples of old, he went out among entire strangers, without purse or scrip, and was eminently successful

of the time he presided over the London conference, afterwards over the Cheltenham pastorate, which consisted of several conferences. Later he was placed as pastor over the Birmingham



ELDER CHARLES W. PENROSE.

wherever he went, notwithstanding much opposition. He spent over ten years in the ministry, giving his entire time gratuitously for the cause of truth. Part

district, which included the Birmingham, Warwickshire, Staffordshire and Shropshire conferences.

Though fully occupied in the strenu-

ous work of the ministry, he found time to write much for the *Millennial Star*, then and now the leading Church organ of the European mission.

At this time Elder Penrose composed many of the beautiful and stirring songs of Zion, which have cheered the hearts and fired with patriotic zeal the souls of thousands. The most popular of these is perhaps the song known as "Zion," beginning,

O ye mountains high, where the clear blue sky
Arches over the vales of the free.

This song was a favorite in Utah long before the author came here, where it was sung in every home. It was sung about the campfires of the Saints who were in 1857-8 on the move, going again into exile, being menaced by the armies of the United States under General Johnston.

When Johnston's army was kept outside this city, awaiting the conclusion of peace negotiations between President Brigham Young and the Church leaders on the one side and the United States peace commissioners on the other, a courier came in and informed President Young that the army had broken camp and was then marching on to the city, contrary to the agreement made with the citizens. President Young turned to the commissioners and informed them of the condition of affairs, and said that further negotiations would have to be postponed till the army was stopped. The commissioners were dumbfounded and protested that it was not their fault that the compact had been broken. President Young would not listen to excuses, but turning to Brother William C. Dunbar, said, "Brother Dunbar, sing 'Zion,'" and all present heartily joined in the chorus, impressing the commissioners with the fact that the Mormons might be whipped but they would never be conquered.

Were "Zion" the only poetical work of Elder Penrose, its popularity is sufficient to immortalize his name as a poet of the people.

"Up, awake, ye defenders of Zion," is another favorite hymn, particularly in troublous times, when its patriotic strains have fired many a drooping spirit, among both Saints and Elders, when tried almost beyond endurance. Few ethical poems have greater force and directness than that commencing with the lines:

School thy feelings, O my brother,
Train thy warm, impulsive soul;
Do not its emotions smother,
But let wisdom's voice control.

The following touching lines are taken from that beautiful song-prayer composed by Elder Penrose while on a later mission, entitled, "My loved ones at home;" always a favorite among missionaries:

Bright angel of gladness, so calm yet so strong,
Sweet spirit of hope as thou glidest along
On thy mission of peace to the souls that are
tried,
Oh! rest for awhile where my loved ones reside,
Bid fear, doubt and sadness forever depart,
And dry up the tear-drop that mem'ry may
start,
Then point to the time when the wand'rer shall
come,
And press to his fond heart the loved ones at
home

In 1861, after laboring over ten years as a missionary, Elder Penrose was released to come to Zion. He crossed the plains, driving his own team, with his family and wife's relatives, being eleven weeks on the journey from the Missouri river, a journey which is now accomplished in less than three days by rail. He settled first at Farmington, afterwards going to Cache valley. He taught school, got wood out of the canyons and performed other manual labor

to gain a subsistence. Early in 1865 he was called to return to missionary work in England. He again presided over the London conference, and later assisted in editing the *Star*, returning home in 1868, after an absence of three years and a half. He then engaged in mercantile pursuits, at the same time acting as a home missionary and in other Church capacities. It was while he was on that mission that he composed the poem entitled "The Latter-day Kingdom," which is published in his well-known work on Mormon doctrine, "Leaves from the Tree of Life."

It was not until 1870 that Elder Penrose found the position for which he was best fitted by education and natural endowments. He was invited by Apostle Franklin D. Richards, with whom he had labored in England, to take editorial charge of the *Ogden Junction*, where his forceful, pungent writings attracted wide attention. He later became the editor of the *Deseret News*, where his literary efforts have made a name and fame that are world-wide. He is the present editor of the *News*.

Besides his editorial writings he has written many tracts and doctrinal treatises, his pen is ever busy and his writings are the most voluminous and the most able of his contemporaries.

Elder Penrose has ever been active in politics, first as a member of the Ogden city council, where he served the people for a number of years. He was afterward elected for several terms to the legislature, was an active member of three constitutional conventions, and has served in other capacities where his ability has been made useful in shaping the destiny of the state. Although compelled to go into exile during the long remembered anti-polygamy raid of the eighties, he was particularly active while on the "underground" in writing

to the eastern press an expose of the Mormon situation. He filled another mission to England, and he visited all the European missions. He also spent two winters in Washington, and together with Elder Franklin S. Richards he visited personally nearly every member of Congress and also President Cleveland and his cabinet, explaining the conditions in Utah and seeking to ameliorate the trying circumstances which surrounded the people of God.

Elder Penrose is a poet of the people, overflowing with human sympathy. He is a man of the people, held in the highest esteem throughout this and adjoining states. He has for many years been a counselor to President Angus M. Cannon in the presidency of the Salt Lake Stake of Zion. Aside from his editorial work he has traveled and preached throughout Zion, and is perhaps one of the busiest men in the community, sought after in counsel by people in nearly every walk in life. His sympathies have ever been on the side of the poor, and his efforts have been directed in the defense of the oppressed and down-trodden, as the following verses, from one of his poems, show:

A happy New Year to the good and true,
In every land and clime,
Though their number is but a very few,
They'll govern the world in time;
Each winter's death and each summer's birth
Is bringing that time more near,
Then joy will come to old Mother Earth,
And she'll have a happy New Year.

Now the wicked rule and the people mourn,
And toil from morn till night,
Enriching the men who with lofty scorn
Dole out their weekly mite;
For human muscle is plenty and cheap,
Though food be ever so dear,
So the poor may struggle and want and weep—
God send them a happy New Year.

But the grand old prophets of ancient times
 Predicted that woes should cease,
 That earth should be cleansed from her children's crimes,
 And be crowned with the fruits of peace;
 That the laboring man should plant and build,
 While plenty his toil should cheer,
 Inherit the wealth of the land he tilled,
 And smile on each happy New Year.

And the day of the poor and meek has come,
 Their sun has begun to rise,
 And its rays shine bright on a happy home
 'Neath the blue of these western skies.
 Where a Mormon host has prepared the way
 With a prophet as pioneer,
 And the honest of every creed may stay
 For many a happy New Year.



RELIGION CLASS DEPARTMENT.

PLANS.

PRIMARY GRADE.

LESSON XVII.

First Step. Song: "In Our Lovely Deseret."
Second Step. Prayer.

Third Step. The Ward Religion Class organization. The Primary grade. Its teachers. Their full names. How chosen. Their duties.

Fourth Step. Joseph (continued.) His brothers come for grain. Joseph weeps. He permits them to go with the grain. Gen. 42.

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing.

Sixth Step. Song: "Lord we ask Thee ere we Part." Prayer.

LESSON XVIII.

First Step. Song: "In Our Lovely Deseret."
Second Step. Prayer.

Third Step. The Religion Class (continued.) Primary grade. The pupils. Why they should attend. What they learn. How they should act. How treat their teachers.

Fourth Step. Joseph (continued.) The second journey of his brothers. Joseph weeps. The brothers eat with Joseph. Gen. 43.

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing.

Sixth Step. Song: "Lord we ask Thee ere we Part." Prayer.

INTERMEDIATE GRADE.

LESSON XVII.

First Step. Song: "In our Lovely Deseret."
Second Step. Prayer.

Third Step. The Stake Religion Class organization. The Stake Superintendent. How called. His duties.

Fourth Step. Philip and Nathaniel. John 1: 43-51. Memorize 47.

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing.

Sixth Step. Song: "Sing we now at Parting." Prayer.

LESSON XVIII.

First Step. Song: "In our Lovely Deseret."
Second Step. Prayer.

Third Step. The Stake Religion Class organization (continued). The Assistant Superintendents. Other Stake workers. How called.

Fourth Step. The first miracle. John 2: 1-11. Memorize "Whatsoever He sayeth unto you, do it."

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing.

Sixth Step. Song: "Sing we now at Parting." Prayer.

ADVANCED GRADE.

LESSON XVII.

First Step. Song: "Sowing."

Second Step. Prayer.

Third Step. The General Church Board of Education (continued.) Duties of (see note following.)

Fourth Step. Vision of the destruction of Jerusalem. A choice land seen. A land of liberty. A Zion to the faithful. Kept from the knowledge of other nations. Lehi admonishes and blesses his sons. II Nephi 1. Memorize verse 20.

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing.

Sixth Step. Song: "Sing we now at Parting." Prayer.

LESSON XVIII.

First Step. Song: "Sowing."

Second Step. Prayer.

Third Step. The Church Religion Class

Organization. The General Superintendent. How called. His Duties.

Fourth Step. Lehi's blessing to Jacob. II Nephi 2. (Choose the parts best adapted to the wants of your pupils.)

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing.

Sixth Step. Song: "Sing we now at Parting." Prayer.

NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS.

1. Some teachers may not have ready access to the list of names of the members of the General Church Board of Education. They are therefore inserted here. They are the following: Joseph F. Smith, Chairman: Willard Young, Anthon H. Lund, James Sharp, John Nicholson, George H. Brimhall, Rudger Clawson, Joseph M. Tanner and John R. Winder, with Arthur Winter, Secretary. They are appointed and sustained by the Church to guide the educational movements in Zion. They have charge of all religious education, and arrange for its proper growth and advancement. But it is especially advisable in this connection to explain to the classes that they direct the labors of our Church school boards and of the stake boards of education, as the latter in turn direct the labors of the ward boards. Thus, besides a general knowledge of the broad mission of the General Church Board of Education, the pupils should learn from this lesson that this board controls and guides the education of our Church schools, as also that of the Religion Class.

2. **Order in the classroom**—A very important feature of Religion Class work is order. Unless proper discipline is maintained the work will be far from satisfactory. But harsh measures must never be employed to bring about desirable results. We must not lose sight of the fact that children are overflowing with animal spirits, and that they do not possess the matured judgment of the teachers. But the little ones will never consent to being scolded. "Children respond to love as the flowers open to the sunshine; but if the sky is darkened the petals close and wait." A teacher tells how she has been able to secure good order in her class. She says: "It was somewhat difficult for us at first to get proper order in our class-room. The children were restless after being confined in the schoolroom for several hours. We gave them fifteen minutes recess before taking up the work, and this rested them. Recently we arranged them in a line and got them to march orderly into the schoolroom. Inside the door one of my assistants relieved them of their caps

and wraps, and when they reached the room another teacher escorted them to their seats. We give the little ones 'Award of Merit' cards for regular attendance and good conduct. These cards can be purchased at the Deseret News Book Store for ten cents per one hundred. At the close of the exercises we get the children to march quietly out of the building one at a time, each child shaking hands with the teacher as he passes out. By these means we have been able to secure good order."

3. **Concerning Songs.**—"Do not introduce a new hymn until the previous one is fully known in word and tune." Such is the counsel given on page 13 of the "Outlines." "Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well." We fear that some teachers begin a new hymn before the children have thoroughly mastered the previous one. We were in the company of a number of young men a short time ago, and while they all knew "a smattering" of the "Star Spangled Banner," not one of them knew the song in its entirety. It will be the same with the hymns unless the children are taught them thoroughly; and when they learn them, they will not easily forget them.



SIGHT MIRACULOUSLY RESTORED.

THE Saturday following the twenty-fourth of last July I was at the home of a sister who had on the twenty-fourth been called to mourn the loss of a sister-in-law. Myself and two other girls had gone there to do her washing and help her, as she was a good woman, and had left right in the middle of her washing and had gone and worked for and stayed with her sister-in-law for three days preceding her death, leaving five small children at home to be cared for by their aged grandmother. At the death of their mother she took to her home the five children who were all under eight years of age, one being only three days old, and their invalid father. So, as I said, we went to assist her with the washing.

I picked up the lye can and was going to cleanse the water, but the lye would

not dissolve, so I took a file on purpose to break it. On hitting the can I struck too close to the end. This turned the can over and threw the fragments of lye into my eyes. I was outside alone, with the fire between me and the house, and with both eyes full of lye. I called for help several times before anyone came. On seeing me, Sister Stradling got some vinegar and filled my eyes, and then applied sweet cream. My first words were, "Pray for me." Brother S. asked if he should get the doctor. I said, "No, I don't want him, he can't do anything." After applying the vinegar and cream, they led me to the house. I asked them to kneel around me and pray, which was done, Sister Stradling leading. I next asked them to pray separately, and for Brother S. to administer to me; then to go and get pa, but not to let ma know it, which was all done. I was administered to by pa and Brother S. and in ten minutes afterwards I was washing again. After we entered the house some of those present were crying, Sister Stradling remarked, "Oh, you gritty girl, if you hadn't taken it so coolly we would have all gone crazy!"

The next Wednesday my eyes were as well as they ever were and not injured in the least; although in wiping the lye from my eyes all the skin had been rolled from the inside of the lids, but even this was well; and I feel to praise God for His mercy unto me and thank Him for the faith I have. *Elva Heap.*

St. Johns, Arizona.



SOME LITTLE ONES' SAYINGS.

The youngest daughter of the family was about finishing her prayers the other night when she abruptly asked

her mother to "please leave the room," as there was something for which she wished to give extra and special thanks. Her mother wanted to know what it was, but the child let it be understood that it was of too personal and private a nature for even a mother to know about. Her mother accordingly withdrew, but the next night, when the same request was made, she insisted upon knowing just what it meant. "Well," said the little girl, after much persuasion, "I just wanted to give fanks for bein' 'lowed to steal some sugar the other day!"

Judge Talcott's little daughter was the youngest child in school, and with her big blue eyes, golden curls and adorable little mouth she was by far the prettiest. One day as she led the class down the aisle past the platform, the teacher laid a detaining hand on her shoulder, for the practiced eye caught unmistakable traces of peppermint candy around the rosy lips. "Why, Bessie," she exclaimed, reproachfully, "you have been eating candy in school!" "Oh, no, Mith Thmith," was the naive reply, "I really and truly haven't. It wath the little boy that thits bethide me."

Blanche is the little five year-old daughter of a Cleveland newspaper man. She has lately been meditating on the problems of existence. Recently she got something in her throat which caused her to cough. When she got through she said: "I guess I will cough my head off some day." Then she went on: "If I should cough my head off, papa, would God make me a new one?" Her papa answered: "I am afraid not. I never heard of such a case." She pursued her thought a step further and said: "I suppose it would be just as cheap for him to make a whole baby as to make just a head." Her father answered that he thought it would.

OUR LITTLE FOLKS



HALO AND OTHERS.

CHAPTER II.

His First Two Years. Getting Acquainted with his Mother and Father.

"What is the little one thinking about ?
Very wonderful things, no doubt;
But he'll never know,
Where the sunbeams go;
He need not laugh, for he'll find it so."

HOW baby Halo did sleep, stretch and grow! There was nothing else for him to do, except to take his food, which he was brought up to do very regularly, in the best and only natural way.

And so the days and weeks went on. They were all the same to him. All seemed good and beautiful, wherever he looked, and he smiled at everything and everybody, and wondered where they all came from and what they were all for. And then he found that he could stretch his hands out and try to reach them so that he could feel them as well as see them. And as soon as he had grown large enough and strong enough, and had learned enough to take hold of whatever came in his reach, then he wanted to get it to his mouth, so that he might also learn what the taste of it was like.

He also began to realize that some positions in which he was often placed were not so agreeable as others. And then that he was growing a little too large for some of the clothes that were put onto him. But he soon found out

that he had only to make a little fuss about things that did not suit him, and he could easily get his own way about everything. His mama understood all about it and knew just what needed doing and how to do it, or see that it was done. Or else she could give him something else to think about, so that he would forget the thing that worried him until it had passed off or could be changed. He was quite sure his mother knew all about everything, and whatever she did was all right.

Sometimes baby Halo would get to studying quite seriously about something he had noticed, and was trying to think out the reason to his own satisfaction. And at such times any one else but his mother might call to him time after time, thus trying to get him to notice something and laugh about it. But he would not turn his head at such times, or seem to hear anything unless his mother spoke. The moment her voice sounded in his ear, however, he would start out of his thoughtful mood, shake his little hands and begin to laugh.

It would take too long to tell all about the many interesting things which happened to baby Halo in the first two years of his life. It may be sufficient to say that he kept on growing, cut his teeth, began to learn to eat like older people, also to walk and to try to talk. He learned to think a great deal of his papa too. It was a wonderful item in his life when he first found out that his mother was not the only one that knew

everything; but that he could also trust his father as being sure to understand him, and to help him out of many of the difficulties he would get into in his curiosity to look into whatever came in his way. When he found that his father as well as his mother could be relied upon as understanding everything, he could not get enough of his company, but would have been glad to go with him everywhere.

L. L. G. R.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TO THE LETTER-BOX.

Motherless.

PIMA, ARIZONA.

I am the youngest girl in our family, and I am fourteen. My mother is dead, my father is out at work and my oldest sister is married. When our mother died she left a little baby two months old. It is eight years since she died. I am very fond of reading the little Letter Box.

Your sister in the Gospel,
WILLMIRTH HENDLEY.

Papa Home for Christmas.

LOGAN, UTAH.

We are hoping to have the best Christmas in the world. We expect our papa, who has been on a mission for over two years, will get home for Christmas.

MATTIE MASON.

Born in a Far-off Country.

SIXTH WARD, PROVO, UTAH.

This is the first time I have written to the Letter-Box. I am a little girl that was born in Norway. I have lived in Provo for four years; I came when I was seven years old, and now I am

eleven. I go to Sunday School. We have a good school, and I have a very nice teacher, whose name is Sister Maud Graham.

Your new friend,

ALVIDA BERGESEN.

Grandpa's Present.

I have just been reading in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and was very much pleased with what the children had written to the little Letter-Box.

I am seven years old, my papa died when I was only three. I have one brother, nine years old. We live at New Harmony. We go to Sunday School; Elder Henry A. Pace is our Sunday School teacher. My mama, grandpa and grandpa are very kind to my brother and me. My grandpa bought me the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. My cousin Mary Imlay, from Salt Lake City, has come down to stay with us for a while. Some of my best playmates are Sophia Prince, Irene Rohner, Laura Redd and Lillian Griffin. I have many others, but I will not name them.

FLORENCE KELSEY.

The Only Girl.

BIG COTTONWOOD, UTAH.

Seeing no one from here has written to the Letter Box for a long time, I thought I would try and write a letter. I go to Sunday School and Primary and have been baptized. I am eight years old. I have five brothers and no sister. I love to read the letters in the Letter-Box.

ELIZABETH HERBST.

Visits Manti.

SALT LAKE CITY.

I am nine years old, and this is the first

time I ever wrote a letter to the Letter-Box. I live in Salt Lake City and attend the Fourteenth Ward Sunday School, and read the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR every week, and enjoy the little letters so much.

My grandma lives in Manti. She is a Temple worker. I go to Manti every summer and spend a month or two. One time I was on a visit to grandma and I was taken very sick. She took me to the Temple and President McAlister and Brother Smyth blessed me, and I got well right off, so that I could eat my dinner, and was not sick again all summer. I have one little sister; her name is Nina.

DELLA MAE WEAVER.

Something About Hunting.

JACKSON, WYO., Nov. 23, 1902.

Dear Friends:—I thought a few words from Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, might interest our little readers. Our winter has now set in, with plenty of snow, which is three feet on the level over the Teton Pass. This causes the elk to come down out of the hills in great numbers, and we often see a herd of four or five hundred pass within three blocks of our house, seeking water. As the hunting season will be over the last day of this month, there are a great many persons out getting their winter's meat, which has to be killed by both ladies and gentlemen, as the law allows each citizen two elks, two deer and two antelopes every year.

A year ago we were blessed with a visit from President Joseph F. Smith, Apostle John Henry Smith and their wives. They held a conference and visited the National Park.

I am sorry to say we have no branch or ward of the Church here, which causes us to greatly miss our Sabbath

School and meetings. But the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR is a welcome visitor to us. This is my first letter to the Letter-Box, and I hope sometime to be able to give you more information pertaining to the game, and other interesting things, in this part of the country.

Your friend,

VIOLA DELONEY,

Aged twelve years.



A Very Young Nurse.

HOLLADAY, UTAH.

I am a little girl only five years old, so my mama has to help me write my letter. I like to go to Sunday School and Primary. I have to nurse my baby sister.

Your little friend,

BLANCHE SHEPHERD.



A GOOD RIDDANCE.

When the New Year in at the front door peeps,
And out at the back door the Old Year creeps
I hope he will carry away on his back
A load as big as a peddler's pack;
And we'll stow away in his baggage then
Some things that we never shall want again.
We will put in the puckery little pont
That drives all the merry dimples out,
And the creasy scowls that up and down
Fold nice little foreheads right into a frown;
And the little quarrels that spoil the plays,
And the little grumgles on rainy days,
And the bent-up pins, and the teasing jokes
That never seem funny to other folks;
And the stones that are tossed—be sure of
that—

At robin redbreast and pussy cat.
And we'll throw in the bag some cross little
"don'ts,"

And most of the "can'ts" and all of the "won'ts,"
And the grumpy words that should not be said
When mama calls, "It is time for bed."

If we get all these in the Old Year's pack,
And shut it so tight that they can't come back,
Tomorrow morning we'll surely see
A Happy New Year for you and me

Youth's Companion.



NEW YEAR PRESENTS

Jewelry Sale

Our Annual Sale is now on. Reduction,
20 to 30

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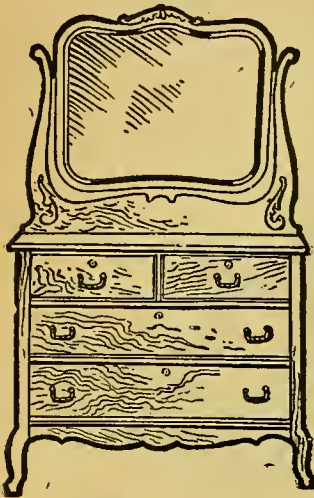
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